The Melancholy of Will Graham

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The Melancholy of Will Graham

by carrofelicia

Summary

Since the day they met, all Hannibal did to Will Graham were technically emotional and physical abuse.

They both realized this too late.

Will hides.
Hannibal regrets.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Darkness surrounds him whether in his wake, in his dreams, or in his mind. Will Graham never forgot the night Hannibal Lecter, the man he was prepared to have a life with, slashed him open mercilessly as if he was just a piece of pig meat. The man had not hid his distaste as he explained Will's crimes towards his ever glorious self. Hannibal was so offended, so betrayed, *so dramatic*, that after crying a single tear, he slashed Abigail's throat and made sure her blood rains over them all.

Will should have known from his years in law enforcement that Hannibal Lecter, was in fact, just another serial abuser. He may not be as tasteless as the others, but his kind of abuse is more damaging, both physically and mentally. He was pushed to darker nightmares, his brain was left to be fried, he was framed, he judged, he was drugged, and then he and his daughter's heart died. He had the audacity to go look for him by a sailing boat, until Abigail and Alana pointed out he was having the symptoms of a domestically abused wife. Looking for him? Missing him? Meeting him to forgive him? What was he thinking? Hannibal will hurt them again, over and over again, for his own amusement.

Hannibal never loved him.

He only felt entertained from Will's reactions to his pokings.

Will Graham woke up to reality and went back home to transfer him and Abigail to a place he felt at peace in; his childhood home, New Orleans. He managed to change Abigail's name to Marissa Graham, as the girl said, she wants to be constantly reminded of Hannibal's cruelty for killing her only friend. In records, Abigail Hobbs was dead, special thanks to the FBI.

Will had not bothered to change his own name as it was more complicated (for being an adult). His only defense against open-wide publicity was living in the middle of the woods, but near a university where Abigail goes to.

He has a nice spacious house, a pack of dogs, a stable job as a professor, and a studious daughter who is making him proud everyday. Nonetheless, his never ending gloom haunts the household that he had to build a sitting room where he can spend his melancholy privately as to not bother Abigail who must focus on her studies. He spends his free time trying to fight off Hannibal in his mind, trying to drown away his voice in every decision he does. Hannibal managed to enter his mind palace, and so he decided to submit to the mental damage the man left by drinking too much alcohol then dissociate in his sitting room.

*

Hannibal was disappointed upon realizing Will Graham would never meet him in Italy, even after leaving and sending clues after clues. Not even the FBI was looking for him. He left Bedelia, who was adamant and insistent of his parting, and went straight to Wolftrap. He did not find anyone there, much to his dismay. He kept looking for clues in the house to see if Will subconsciously left one for him to find, but nothing. Will Graham broke his heart a second time. He managed to find Will in New Orleans registry through underground government connections. The fact that he had to employ this connection was disappointing.

Is Will hiding from him?

Hannibal was impressed with how Will designed his new home. It was almost like his house in Baltimore, just more dog-friendly. Clearly, his influences flourished within his dear Will. He may have been hiding, but he has not forgotten.

Clearly, he still loves him.

After 3 days of stalking around the property, he realized Will has become depressed and alcoholic. He longs to hold Will to ease the pain away, the pain that he obviously caused. He shouldn't have killed Abigail, it was his greatest regret. He shouldn't have overreacted and hurt Will Graham this way, in the first place, he has been hurting his beloved since they met. Why does he love like this?

He only planned to look from afar, content on seeing Will through the large windows, discreetly adding to his food supplies and bank account, and secretly changing his whiskey's alcohol percentage. Sometimes when Will isn't home, he sleeps in his bed to bask in the former profiler's smell. He snoops around to see if there are more evidences of his influences aside from the architecture of the house, but sadly none. He does wonder why Will has college books in Psychiatry.

On the second week, he learned why.

In the darkest corner of Will's sitting room, there lies a picture frame containing him and the very much alive Abigail Hobbs posing in front of a University statue. On the walls adjacent to that frame hung certificates named to Marissa Graham. It was not hard to connect the dots after that.

Abigail is alive.

She survived.

And, oh lord, he felt so proud of the girl for it. Not only is she surviving him, she is garnering awards from different places for her essays and research papers. For a student, she's already getting the attention of the psychiatric community.

Hannibal was overwhelmed. They built a life together. A life without him.

*

When Will is not sitting in his room, he takes his mind away by fishing on the nearest stream. He closes his eyes as he waits for the fishes to take the bait, he lets the sound of running water cleanse away his dark thoughts. In these moments, he is at his most peaceful. He is also at his most vulnerable.

Hannibal decided to finally talk to him in this moment.

"Hello, Will,"

Will Graham stumbled away from the source of the voice. Hannibal has been in his mind, but why is this too real? He stared at the man who is definitely Hannibal Lecter, the man of his nightmares. His breathing started hitching. He's having a panic attack.

"Will," Hannibal said hurriedly. "Please breathe. Let me help you,"

"STAY AWAY!" Will shouted. He could not stand up because of the panic. He slid his butt on the forest floor away from where Hannibal is standing.

Uncharacteristically of Hannibal, though, his voice wavers in equal hurt. But Hannibal can pretend to manipulate. This is nothing new. "I only want to help,"

"Don't lie to me." And Will Graham started bawling, like the way he did when he was in the middle of a mild seizure upon bringing Abel Gideon at his home.

Hannibal's eyes furrowed in grief. Will is afraid of him. He caused this much damage. In low voice, he said, "I am very sorry, my dear Will. I'm very very sorry."

With that, he retreated back to the dense parts of the forest, away from the Grahams' vision.

*

Hannibal let Will calm down for two days before breaking in to his sitting room again. Apparently, that event was so traumatic for Will that he had to take a leave from the community college he's working in. Abigail was so worried that she sets her shotgun on full whenever she sleeps. Sometimes she stays with Will until he stops shouting from the nightmares. Apparently, she also hates Hannibal, but she is not afraid. It seems she has been preparing to fight.

To avoid this confrontation, he waits until Abigail is back to the campus.

He silently slipped in the house and slowly approached Will's sitting figure, looking afar to the windows, his head slumped to the head rest as if he was a vegetable.

"Will, I'm not here to hurt you." Hannibal started softly.

"So you're here to hurt my daughter. Again. Are you taking her for real? Is that what you want?" Will managed to say despite the emotionless delivery. He is very tired and depressed. The fear is there, but so is his submission to it.

"No." Hannibal walked slowly towards Will and kneeled in front of him. The man attempted to scamper away, but the chair had cornered him from the back. Hannibal touched Will's hands lovingly to try diminish this fear. "I'm here to make it up to you. I was only here to look from afar, but I cannot bear seeing you suffer, my love."

"Suffer. Hah." Will's tears started falling down continuously. "We are not suffering. Just say it, Hannibal. You want to be in our lives again because you felt left out. Because we're doing fine without you. And when you start getting bored, you will make us dance around you until you decide to kill us off."

“Will, I would never… “

“YOU ABUSED ME, HANNIBAL!” Will shouted again, with the same fervor as the last. “You were supposed to be my rock. Then you framed me for murder with federal offense. I was partially accepting my fate in the electric chair, Hannibal. The mental agony was too much, could you blame me for wanting a little revenge?”

Hannibal looked down, “I’m very… “ but Will could not let him continue.

“And I showed you that I was about to join you, to wherever you wanted to bring me. I told you about Jack the last minute. I warned you to leave. Couldn’t that be an evidence that I was on your side? That I wanted to run with you? And you felt betrayed? Hannibal, YOU betrayed us.”

“I know.” Hannibal said, keeping his head low and his hands firmly but softly nestling on Will’s trembling fingers. “I realized it too late, Will. For that, I am sorry. But that’s why I’m here. I will make things right. I will play a part in this family, my dear, forgive me.”

“No!” Will said sternly. He tries to hide the obvious bile from his throat, and Hannibal hates seeing that he causes this reaction to Will. “I will not let you in. I missed my house. I missed my dogs. But I never missed you. In fact, the only reason why I’m depressed is because I cannot erase your abuse from my mind. The only thing I wanted to do with you, is to get you out of our lives. Every. Trace. Of. You.”

It stung Hannibal greatly. He is now seeing the destruction brought by his storm, by his unnecessary sadism towards the people he loves. Bedelia had called him a ‘domestic abuser’, only that Will wasn’t living in the same house. He almost cooked her alive, but she only strengthen her argument by saying he had physically and psychologically hurt the man he loves for the sake of entertainment. Bedelia was right. She was painfully right.

“I apologize Will, but I will not let you do that. I will stay here to take care of you, to replace the memories… “

However, Will only sobbed louder. Hannibal’s heart was almost crushed completely upon seeing his beloved’s face crumple in pain. “Please, Hannibal. Leave us alone. Why do you have to insist? If you still have the slightest decency, you will let us be.”

“I promise that I will never hurt you again.”

Will Graham’s eyes surrendered, but tears are still flowing. “What do I have to do? How can I make you leave us? Do you want to take me? Is that it? Do you want to take all of me? Alright then, just take me here and now.”

The man retracted his hands away from Hannibal to remove his clothes. Hannibal can only stare as Will dejectedly strip himself down to full nakedness. One of his dirtiest fantasies was to have a loving time with Will, to have sex all night, and to cuddle under the morning sun.

Not this. Definitely not this.

“No Will, I can’t.”

“Bullshit. I know you want this.” Will said. He went to the sofa while pulling Hannibal with him. He then threw himself on it, pulling Hannibal on top of him, which was surprisingly easy. Little did he know, Hannibal was beginning to feel cold. And angry.

“I don’t want this, Will.” He growled.

Will flinched. “What do you mean you don’t want this?”

It was Hannibal’s turn to cry, though his eye only produced one tear. The same tear that Will once saw after he was gutted. Right before he slashed Abigail’s throat.

“You don’t love me, Will. Or if you had, you don’t anymore.”

Will’s eyes became blank. “oh.” He said, awfully calm. “You’re going to kill me now.”

Hannibal’s brows furrowed in the pain of that sentiment. Of course Will would conclude that. He has done it before. Not only that, Will has serious trauma from that night. He successfully broke Will Graham.

He will fix that. He must.

“Will listen. I’m not disappointed because of the reason you think. I’m merely… “.

“You hate me. You will kill me. Then you will kill Abigail.” Will supplied in the same calm voice, as if he hadn’t heard Hannibal.

“Will, dear, calm down. If you would only listen to me…”

The smaller man quickly put on his clothes, his eyes never leaving the floor, his eyes never blinking. Hannibal was there, explaining himself, though it might be that Will’s hearing has been muddled by fear, realization, trauma, and acceptance, all at once. For that, Will Graham broke down completely. This is Hannibal’s fault.

In a swift movement, something Hannibal himself could not even catch, Will produced a knife from the nearby drawer and slashed his own neck. It was so deep that Will has died before his head could even hit the floor.

No gurgling was ever produced. It was a quick and painless death, added by the fact that Will may have lost his pain receptors along with his mind. His blood sprayed all-over the sitting room, but most of it goes to Hannibal's surprised face.

Hannibal’s medical profession could tell there’s nothing to do to help Will’s expressive eyes to come back to life. He only knelt near, his hand suspended in air in mid-flight towards his lifeless body. No inch of his body can move from the shock, except from the tears and the blood that are dripping down from his skin.

Will Graham is dead, and he caused it.

If only he stayed with his initial plan of just staring from afar, maybe it wouldn't end to this. Maybe Will would still be alive, depressed, but if he continues living maybe he will meet someone who can make him happy.

If only he hadn't entered Will's life.

If only he could turn back time and leave him alone, just stare from afar, contented even if Will never knew him.

Hannibal was so distraught that he never heard Abigail's footsteps from the foyer. The girl immediately sensed something was wrong according to how misplaced the doorknob was. She took her gun meant for shooting rabbits and fauns, then went straight to the sitting room cautiously.

"Dad. Are you there?"

When Abigail finally reached the sitting room, she went straight to Will's side and cried heavily. Dear lord, this girl just keeps loosing father figures.

"Dad. Daddy? DAD!!" Abigail cried.

Hannibal stayed there, looking at the two figures he destroyed for the second, or third, time around. He forgot how many times he hurt these two, but at least he couldn't hurt Will anymore.

"See?" Abigail seethed as she looks at Hannibal. "*SEE*?"

The young woman raised her shotgun and pointed it at Hannibal. Her eyes are stormy, mourning and angry. Hannibal accepted this anger, maybe, by surrendering to death, he could stop hurting the people he loves.

Abigail pulled the trigger.

Finally. Maybe he could meet Will Graham in the after life, but this time, he will keep his distance.

End Notes

Hello. I have nothing to say for myself.
I did this at 1 am on my phone.

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